

Undeniable

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/6415144) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/6415144>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb , Diary/Journal , Very Secret Diary , Fluff , Affection , Implied Sexual Content
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of The Diary Saga
Stats:	Published: 2016-03-31 Words: 1,983 Chapters: 1/1

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by [dancey94](#)

Summary

Hannibal's short notes after the fall.

I found this notebook and decided to fill it with the memories of our future. Maybe the humanity will gain from finding out about me and Will and whatever we are to become now. But before we move further, we need to heal. And the wounds are not only physical.

* * *

Two weeks after our rebirth.

It's difficult to place a date to this entry and it would feel inappropriate to simply transfer the one from the calendar on the wall. But I am aware of the time moving and the days passing.

We remain in our temporary hide-out, ready to move whenever Chiyoh says it's safe for us to do so. She took good care of us – tended to our injuries, cooked for us, even changed our sheets, which I know made Will uncomfortable. He doesn't want to be a burden and doesn't want to feel vulnerable again. At least not with her.

During that time I discovered she would be an amazing mother. But we don't always the paths that seem to be obvious and suitable. We don't always allow ourselves to be who we really are.

Amongst so many generations, how many people managed to live according to their destiny? According to their own plan? How many of us follow blindly what others have designed?

* * *

It has been three weeks since we were reborn. It seems there is not one day in a year one should celebrate, but every day, as every day one can change their life and start anew. We did.

In my strategy to live my life by seizing the day, I found something worth keeping. And though I do see him every day, I cannot withhold my admiration and a feeling as if I was seeing him for the first time.

He's lying in bed now, tucked in a blanket, unaware of the seconds passing outside of his mind. What are you dreaming of, dear Will? Do the nightmares of your past still haunt you?

My hand does not feel strong and steady enough for me to draw him, but as soon as I regain all my ability and skill, I will spend every free minute on capturing his radiance.

For now I will have to do with him being here, by my side, and me building another room for him in my mind palace. There are no dates there, yet time flies regardless.

* * *

Chiyoh has relocated us. She helped us get through the border and paid for a flight to France. We will go there in a few days.

Here is where she leaves us. I don't know for how long but I hope she will never be needed. It's good to know there is a guardian angel, always ready to protect us, but I want us to start our life without her. And I genuinely believe that would enable her to create a life of her own, without responsibilities and burdens waiting for her to fix the toy.

A few days more and I will finally show Will France. We cannot stay too long in Paris and we have to blend in the crowd, but isn't that exciting? Watching people while you're among them, seeing their pains and joys. God supposedly watches us from above, like the proverbial child with a magnifying glass over a nest of ants. And he had to come on earth, become one of us, to truly understand the codes and laws that rule our minds.

* * *

I'd rather spend this time in his head or in his bed, than writing this entry. Yet here I am, unable to fall asleep, as is he, and we are silently fighting with the demons inside us.

We haven't spoken much since he regained the ability to. He only indulges me with soft smiles and gentlest touches so that I would know we managed to sustain our love after everything that has happened.

He's leaning on the rails of the balcony, looking in the distance, but I know it's not the Eiffel Tower that's got his attention.

His shoulders are tense and I know he's struggling with the fact that we're here, alive and well, and that I do not hold it against him. We have not yet confronted each other about that night when we fought the Dragon. I see him gather arguments and strength. I watch him bite his lip as he looks at me, on the verge of speaking, but he refrains eventually.

I should draw him now. With his back turned to me and his face unreadable.

* * *

Paris caught his attention but we had to move and he was happy to see other places. We are staying in France for another few weeks, though. We found a place and I'm not sure if I want to leave soon.

The small house is in the middle of nowhere. Meadow and forest surround us so the view is wonderful at any hour of the day and night. We can hunt and walk. We walk a lot. Will enjoys revisiting his old habits and making new ones. He opens the windows every morning and lets the sun shine right at him.

I wonder what he'd feel if I died and he survived. There is a universe in which that's the case and I'd love to have a glimpse.

We often sit in the evenings, just as I am sitting now, surrounded by silence and each other's presence.

He's got his legs open wide and he's leaning comfortably against the head of the chair. I'm sure he'll fall asleep soon. His eyes are half-closed. I love how he tends to look at me from

under his heavy eyelids, it seems seductive but I know he's just tired.

* * *

I did it. I was the cause of his wrath.

Will left our small house for a whole one day and supposedly went for a walk. He explained he needed to clear his head. I understand. But I was worried and I was... Was I afraid he left me? How could he? Was I... jealous?

He just woke up and left. And I know, even with all my curiosity for the world and all my intrusion, I would never leave without him.

He grunted. He yelled. Mostly unintelligible things, but I felt his anger. The room seemed to shake and spin as he caught his head in his hands and waited. I stepped closer to him, felt the fresh scent of the forest, and I embraced him.

His body relaxed in my arms and he breathed slowly. I can still remember the movement of his chest against my own. I can still feel his heartbeat. At that moment, I could crush him. I knew I could destroy him.

He went to the bedroom and fell asleep. He's been there, behind the locked door, for the last few hours.

* * *

There are no words.

* * *

The act itself was as clear as any but I believe we were both caught in the frenzy. It was hazy and vague and the memories of that night, although the room was not quite dark, are obscure.

Sex had never had this particular value to me. It was an experience and it was always worth having but I never felt this spiritual connection that would impact the act so greatly. Even with Alana, although I still think of her as a friend.

This has nothing to do with my or Will's sexual orientation, as I assume he would like to label himself as heterosexual. I prefer not to label myself at all because that would bring limitation in the area.

His... everything. The body that lay next to mine, the face so close to my own. His breath on my neck and lips.

Shivers run down my spine at the mere thought. The hair on my arms stand and salute as I remember the manner in which he pinned me down and looked into my eyes. My heart was about to fly out of my chest and I'm certain he would have caught it mid-air and swallowed it whole.

There was no hesitation.

Why is he glancing at me like that?

* * *

I am aware we are honest and open but I prefer to have this one little secret. My very own memoirs.

Will asked me what I was writing and I told him. He smiled at me but did not ask to read it. I showed him a few of my drawings. He stated that he never actually posed for me, not with being fully aware of the fact anyway.

I wait for a good lighting and I think I would like him to pose nude for me. I don't intend to make it explicit but I find it more convincing if he's not covered with the rough fabric of his clothes. His skin is... Despite his many scars and his age, he managed to keep his skin soft. The lack of body hair only emphasises the fact.

However, I know he enjoyed seeing my chest hair soaked in his fluids. And I cannot deny how thrilled I was myself.

* * *

He's lying on his stomach and watching me write this entry. I believe he found a kind of sentiment or a kink in observing me. This must feel liberating – seeing me so clearly when I do something I consider private and secret. He doesn't know what I'm writing, he only knows it's my own. And he's not going to disturb me until I finish.

His bluish eyes are directed at me and he's smiling. He's content he caught me red-handed. Again.

The duvet is only partly covering him, leaving the curves of his back and bottom visible. I love tracing paths with my fingers along his smooth skin. I allow myself to become a blank page, to erase anything that would misplace my attention.

Does he know that his smile is crooked? Is he aware of how beautiful he is when...

Always.

He seems to be frozen again, not moving and breathing so gently his body hardly rises and falls. I'd better join him in reality.

* * *

Does he know that when he kisses me, we are more than conjoined?

Ever since his lips touched mine for the first time, I cannot stop myself from replaying the moment in my head. Every following kiss feels like it was the first but the first is the only one I care about. Naturally, I surrender whenever he takes one step too many and lands inches

away from me. It's only fair that one day he wandered around the house in just a towel hanging on his hips.

He owns his sexuality. I realised he let go of his fears and the labels and decided to bring me to my knees by showing how aware he is of what is going on. And I am gone, lost, when he scratches his jaw. The gesture so ordinary, so natural, yet it makes me weak every time.

And I own my sexuality as well. I caught myself biting my lips when he smiles seductively. It's a game. It's a challenge.

In all degrees of affection and care I found myself wanting to rip him, tear him apart. And I know he wants to do the same to me. So we end up tearing the seams of our clothes and the delicate skin of our lips.

Was there a moment I can assign to the decision that I love him? Genuinely. With no conditions. Without hesitation.

* * *

He admitted it. He confessed. There are no barriers between us. There never have been. But stating it so bluntly...

It made me realise that was the last step.

We have plenty of experiences ahead of us, many great stories yet to tell, but when it comes to the game, it's over. We both surrendered and neither will ever surrender.

I love him. He loves me.

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